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## FARCES, COMEDIETAS, Etc.

April Fools, 30 min. ....	3
Assessor, The, 10 min. ....	3 2
Aunt Matilda's Birthday Party, 35 min. ....	1
Baby Show at Pineville, 20 min. ....	19
Bad Job, 30 min. ....	3 2
Betsy Baker, 45 min. ....	2 2
Billy's Chorus Girl, 25 min. ....	2 3
Billy's Mishap, 20 min. ....	2 3
Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min. ....	5
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min. ....	3 5
Box and Cox, 35 min. ....	2 1
Cabman No. 93, 40 min. ....	2 2
Case Against Casey, 40 min. ....	23
Convention of Papas, 25 min. ....	7
Country Justice, 15 min. ....	8
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m. ....	3 2

# THE RED PARASOL

A COMEDY FOR GIRLS

BY

ALICE C. THOMPSON

AUTHOR OF

*"Aunt Matilda's Birthday Party," "Fudge and a Burglar," "Honest  
Peggy," "Katie's New Hat," "The Luckiest Girl," and  
"The Wrong Baby."*



CHICAGO  
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS

PC 635  
L1 12-515

# THE RED PARASOL

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## CHARACTERS.

DOLLY TREVOR.....*In Trouble Over a Parasol*  
EDITH CARTER.....*Her Cousin*  
MRS. IDA CARTER.....*The Innocent Cause of It*  
BELINDA .....*A Servant*  
MRS. AMANDA REGINA JOHNSON.....*A Lady of Color*  
MRS. MARY McBRIDE.....*An Irish Woman*  
RUBY..... } .....*The Twins*  
PEARL ..... }

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SCENE—*Mrs. Carter's Sitting Room.*

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TIME—*Today.*

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TIME OF PLAYING—*About Twenty-five Minutes.*

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## COSTUMES.

DOLLY—Pretty house gown.

EDITH *and* MRS. CARTER—Becoming tailor-made suits and street hats.

BELINDA—Middle age, plain dress and wears nurse's cap and apron.

AMANDA is a large colored woman, gorgeously dressed in a bright blue gown, a pink waist and a big hat with a long feather.

MRS. MCBRIDE—Plain dress and small hat, which is tipped down over one ear. She has red hair.

RUBY *and* PEARL—Ten years of age. Both wear gingham dresses alike but Ruby has red shoes, stockings and a red ribbon, while Pearl's are blue.

## PROPERTIES.

A duster, a suitcase, five telegrams, a newspaper, two cups and saucers, bread on plate, tray, a child's red cotton parasol, an old green parasol with holes in it, a large red cotton umbrella, a red silk parasol with ivory (or white bone handle), some silver money, several parcels, a traveling bag.

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STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of the stage; C., center; R. C., right center; L., left; R. D., right door; L. D., left door, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.



# THE RED PARASOL

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SCENES MRS. CARTER'S *sitting room. A simply furnished room. Table, L. C. Large arm chair, R. C. Several smaller chairs. Entrances C. and down R. and L.*

*At rise of curtain* BELINDA, a middle-aged woman, wearing misses' cap and apron, busy dusting. *A ring, C. She opens door.*

*Enter* EDITH CARTER, carrying a suit case and wearing tailor-made suit and hat.

EDITH. Good afternoon, Belinda.

BELINDA. Oh, Miss Edith, have you come?

EDITH (*smiling*). It looks like it, doesn't it? There was no one to meet me, so I took a car and came right up. Am I expected?

BELINDA. Oh, sure, Miss, you're expected. Your aunt left a message for you. She had to go to the city in a great hurry yesterday noon—to go to the dentist. She said she was awful sorry she couldn't be here to meet you; but you're to make yourself at home.

EDITH (*taking off her hat*). Of course I will. How is baby?

BELINDA. He's fine but cross about cutting his teeth. He just hates this teeth business.

EDITH. I don't blame him. I would hate it, too. At least I'm sure I did. The idea of such necessary things as teeth coming in like that and hurting so much in the process! I'll go and see him.

BELINDA. I think he's sleeping just now. Oh, Miss, did you know your cousin, Miss Dolly Trevor, is visitin' us?

EDITH. Dolly! No, is she? When did she come?

BELINDA. Day before yesterday.

EDITH. Where is she? I must see her. (*Goes up L.*)

BELINDA (*mysteriously*). Wait a minute, please, Miss Edith. We're terrible upset just now about poor Miss Dolly.

EDITH. Why, what's the matter? Is she sick?

BELINDA. She will be soon, for she ate no dinner last night; just a cup of strong coffee and not a bite has passed her lips this day. She just worries and goes about searching.

EDITH. She must be in love. How dreadful. (*A ring, C.*)

BELINDA. Oh, I'm that nervous. (*Goes up to C. door and takes in a telegram.*) Shall I sign for this? Have you a pencil?

EDITH. Here is one.

BELINDA. Thank you. (*Signs paper.*) A telegram for Miss Dolly Trevor. (*Comes down C.*) Things are looking serious. I wish Mrs. Carter was home.

EDITH. But do tell me what's happened.

*Enter DOLLY R. She comes in quickly, holding a tiny handkerchief to her eye.*

DOLLY. Belinda, have you seen—

BELINDA (*interrupting*). A telegram, Miss.

EDITH. Dolly!

DOLLY (*agitated*). For me! Oh, Edith, when did you come? (*Runs to EDITH and embraces her, then hurriedly to BELINDA, tears open telegram. Reads aloud.*) "Make every effort to find it. Aunt Harriet much annoyed. Aunt Mary anxious. Advertise. Mother." (*DOLLY drops into a chair.*) Advertise! Of course I've advertised. I've done everything and no sign of it.

EDITH (*sitting*). What awful calamity has happened, Dolly?

DOLLY. Don't you know? I've lost my *red* parasol.

EDITH (*relieved*). Oh, is that all? I thought it was something serious.

DOLLY. All! Serious! Oh, you don't understand, Edith.

BELINDA. No, Miss, she don't know how serious it is.

You'll have to tell her. I'll take your suitcase to your room, Miss Edith.

EDITH. Thank you; please do.

DOLLY. Would you mind bringing me a cup of tea, Belinda? I've such a headache.

BELINDA. No wonder with the way you're starving yourself. I'll make it good and strong. (*Exit L.*)

DOLLY. I would rather have lost everything—even myself—than my red parasol.

EDITH (*sitting*). Can't you buy another?

DOLLY. Never one like mine. Why, that parasol represents family history, lots of it, and other things besides. You see it was given me on my seventeenth birthday by Aunt Harriet. You know Aunt Harriet. She is very wealthy and decidedly close with her money. She hardly ever makes a present, and when she gave me this parasol—it was a pale blue silk with a crystal handle—I felt I was honored above everyone, and that nothing but death should part me from it.

EDITH. I see. But I thought you called it a red parasol.

DOLLY. Wait a minute. I'm coming to that. I used it all that summer and then the blue cover was soiled and faded; so next year Aunt Mary, who happened to be visiting us, gave me a new green silk cover. Dear Aunt Mary is quite poor and I knew she made an effort to get me a particularly good silk, and she always referred to it afterward as the parasol she gave me. Well, I used it up 'til August, and then Jack Baxter, he's a sort of third or fourth cousin, you know, on my father's side, he and I were going for a paddle and somehow he broke the handle off getting into the canoe—and then—

EDITH. Go on. It's getting interesting.

DOLLY. He was so sorry, he insisted on buying me a new handle—a beauty. It was a parrot's head with two ruby eyes. Poor Jack.

EDITH. And it was still a green parasol.

DOLLY. Yes, until the next summer, and then mother gave me a new red taffeta cover. Poor mother thought a lot of that parasol.



EDITH. That brings it down to modern times.

DOLLY. Not quite. Uncle Ezra was over one day this spring when I brought it out for the first time and the dogs were fighting. He's an awful quick tempered old gentleman, you know, and he seized the first thing at hand, which happened to be my beloved parasol, and brought the handle down whack on them and fairly splintered the parrot's head to bits. I was so upset that I cried.

EDITH. The handle that Jack gave you, too. What a shame!

DOLLY. Yes, wasn't it. But Uncle Ezra was thoroughly ashamed of his temper and he took me to town next day and bought me the most beautiful handle of solid ivory. That was just two months ago. And they all called to see me the night before I left and everyone of them asked separately and individually, "Are you going to take the parasol I gave you, Dolly?"

EDITH. Including Jack.

DOLLY. Of course including Jack. And what I am going to do about it I don't know.

EDITH. What have you done so far?

DOLLY. I put an advertisement in the Evening Herald last night. It cost me fifty-five cents. And I've telegraphed every one of them.

EDITH. Every one of them—who—

DOLLY. Aunt Harriet, Aunt Mary, Mother, Uncle Ezra and Jack.

EDITH. But what on earth for?

DOLLY. For advice. (*Takes newspaper from table.*) Here's the advertisement I put in the paper: "Lost, on Friday, somewhere on the Sixteenth, Fourteenth or Tenth Street cars, or in Faber's department store, or in Cuyler's candy store, or at the post office, or the Ninth Street market, a red parasol. Prized as a keepsake from friends. Anyone returning same to Miss Dolly Trevor, 281 Lake Street, will be handsomely rewarded." There, don't you think that ought to have some result?

EDITH. Well, I should say so. It's most pathetic. It

would turn a heart of stone. (*A ring, C. DOLLY jumps up and goes to door.*)

DOLLY. Another telegram. Who's got a pencil? (*EDITH brings her pencil.*)

EDITH. Here. I can be useful in one respect anyway.

DOLLY. Thanks. (*Signs receipt, then comes down C. and opens telegram.*) Oh, goodness! It's from Aunt Harriet. (*Reads aloud.*) "Decidedly annoyed. Consider you most careless. Wire at once if found. Am writing." There! As if I don't feel bad enough without a scolding!

*Enter BELINDA R. carrying two cups of tea and a plate of bread on a tray.*

BELINDA. Here's your tea, Miss Dolly. Any news?

DOLLY. Nothing, Belinda. (*Takes a cup of tea and gives one to EDITH.*) Oh, I feel as if something dreadful was hanging over my head. (*Both drink tea.*)

BELINDA. That's the headache—going without your dinner. But don't take it too hard.

EDITH. It may turn up any minute, Dolly.

*A ring, C. BELINDA goes to door. Enter MRS. AMANDA REGINA JOHNSON, a large colored woman, gorgeously dressed in a bright blue gown, a pink waist and a big hat with a long feather. She carries something behind her back.*

AMANDA. Good-day, ma'am. My name is Mrs. Johnson—Amanda Regina. You done lost a par'sol?

DOLLY (*jumping up*). Oh, you've found it!

AMANDA. Yes'm, I'se found hit in de street cyar. Sis Chloe; she done read hit in de paper how as you losted it. And I prognosticates it belongs to you, ma'am. And I'se done toted it over. Here hit be. (*She presents a tiny red cotton child's red parasol.*) You'se done promised a reward.

BELINDA. Poor Miss Dolly. (*Exits R.*)

DOLLY. But that's not mine. Oh, I could cry, I'm so disappointed!

AMANDA. Ain't dat a red par'sol?

DOLLY. Yes, but—

AMANDA (*shaking it at her*). Ain't de advertisement callin' fer a red par'sol?

DOLLY. Yes, but—

AMANDA. Den see hyar. I gets dat reward or I has de law on yer.

DOLLY. But mine was a silk one.

AMANDA. A silk par'sol.

DOLLY. Yes, and much bigger than that.

AMANDA. Dis yeers a good enough par'sol. I done tote it from clar over de other side of de city, and all de way up dem stairs. You take de par'sol and you gives me de reward like you sayed, honey.

DOLLY. That's no use to me at all. I want my own parasol.

AMANDA. You're mighty particler. Dis years a good par'sol. Seems lak a lady might be proud and sassy holdin' hit ober her head. And I'se a poor widder woman and payin' ten cents for me cyar fare. It's mighty hard.

DOLLY. Well, I'll return your carfare. (*Takes purse from table and gives her money.*)

AMANDA. Thank you, ma'am. A silk par'sol. Deedy, dis years a mighty fine par'sol. I'll cah'y it to meetin' on Sunday. Folks will set up, dey sho' will. (*Opens it and exits C. holding it over her head.*)

EDITH. Poor Mrs. Johnson. Wasn't she funny? But after all she will get a lot of satisfaction out of her little cotton sunshade. It will be quite amusing for me to sit here and watch them come.

DOLLY (*bitterly*). Amusing. Oh, Edith!

EDITH. But I do hope you'll find it. (*A ring, C.*) Cheer up, Dolly. I'm sure that ring means the wanderer returned at last. (*DOLLY runs to door.*)

DOLLY. Another telegram. Two, both for me. (*She signs receipt and comes down C. opening telegrams.*) Oh, dear, I'm afraid I've upset them at home. (*Reads aloud.*) "Sorry to hear of your loss. Hope by this time you have it safely back by your side. I pray you may recover it uninjured. Aunt Mary." Dear Aunt Mary. She is always so sympathetic!

EDITH. One would think it was a leg or an arm that was in the habit of straying away. Do read the other, Dolly.

DOLLY (*reading*). "Careless child! Buy another parasol. I will send you a check if it doesn't turn up. Uncle Ezra." Good old Uncle Ezra! But I'd rather have my own back.

EDITH. Those telegrams are very interesting. I seem to see your relatives sitting around and just waiting for news of the red parasol.

*Enter BELINDA, R.*

BELINDA. I saw the messenger boy coming. Have you heard anything yet, Miss?

DOLLY (*sighing*). Nothing but condolences, Belinda.

EDITH. But they're some comfort. (*A ring, C.*)

*Enter MRS. MARY McBRIDE, C. She has red hair and her hat has come down over one ear.*

MRS. McB. Good-day to you ladies. (*To BELINDA.*) Good-day, mum. My name is Mrs. Mary McBride. You will please excuse me if oi look a bit untoidy loike, but oi have hed an encounther with a colored lady down in the hall bekase of her jeerin' at me and I giv her wan wid me closed fist.

DOLLY. That was Mrs. Amanda Johnson. I hope you didn't hurt her.

MRS. McB. The loikes of her won't be afther passin' oncomplimentary raymarks to a dacent white loidy again; no mum.

EDITH. What was it about?

MRS. McB. About the par'sol I was carryin'.

DOLLY. Oh, *you've* found my parasol!

MRS. McB. Yes, mum; in the big shtore over forninst the sody water fountain.

DOLLY (*eagerly*). Yes, I was there. Where is the parasol?

MRS. McB. I'll get it this minute. (*Exit C.*)

DOLLY. I wonder why she left it in the hall.

EDITH. Perhaps Mrs. Johnson's rude laughter had something to do with it.

DOLLY. Oh, I hope I am to be rewarded at last.

*Re-enter MRS. McBRIDE, C. She has tried to straighten her hat, which has now slipped down on the other side. She carries a shabby green parasol with several rents in it.*

DOLLY. But that's green!

MRS. McB. Shure it is. Anny wan wid eyes in their head can tell green when they see it. And a purty color it is. (*Puts parasol on table.*) Where's the rayward youse promised?

BELINDA. Oh, there's the baby waking up. I'm a coming, my lamb. (*Exit L.*)

DOLLY. That's not my parasol. Mine was red, and I expressly said "a red parasol" in the advertisement.

MRS. McB. Red, is it? A red par'sol. And me afther comin' all the way over from the rayver wid a grane one under me arms and squanderin' tin cints for car ridin'. Begorra! But I'll go fer Mrs. Casey, for 'twas she read it out of the paper for me. It's jist me luck. And me wid a husband out of work and five childern to feed. And could a done a whole day's washin' in the toime I've took to run after your ad. Oh, it's a cruel worrld and me the most unfortunatest critter into it.

EDITH. Mrs. Johnson thought so too for a while.

DOLLY. I'm very sorry, but that parasol is of no use to me. I'm willing to pay your carfare, though. Here's ten cents.

MRS. McB. Thank you, ma'am. 'Tis the pore childer will be onhappy the night. Their countin' on a bit of sausage for their supper.

EDITH. Then let me contribute. Here's another dime for your trouble in coming over. (*Gives money.*)

MRS. McB. Thank you, ma'am. It will help. (*Goes up C.*) But I've had a terrible disappointment. Poor Mike. He's my youngest, and he hollers to me from the windy, "Be sure and bring back the rayward, ma. "And shure I will," sez I. And Mrs. Casey herself hangin' out clothes on the fire escape and overhearin' us, and sez Mike sort of proud loike "Then we kin hev sausage fer supper and



maybe ice cream." Poor baby! He'll like to bust into tears when he sees me a comin' back with the grane umbreller.

DOLLY (*feelingly*). Well, I know what disappointment is. Here's a dollar. Get him sausage and ice cream.

MRS. McB. Bless your koind heart. Shure 'tis the rale lady you are, Miss. And an elegant supper that lad'll be atin' tonight. I fear me he's loike to overate himself. Good-day to ye. And seein' as you've no further use for this grane umbreller, I'll take it wid me in case of rain. Good-day. (*Exit C.*)

EDITH. You soft-hearted Dolly. Mrs. McBride's eloquence was too much for you. How much is your red parasol going to cost you before you get it back?

DOLLY. What with rewards, the telegrams and the advertisement, it has already cost me four dollars, but I'm bound to find it if it bankrupts me.

*Enter BELINDA L.*

BELINDA. No luck yet, Miss Dolly?

DOLLY. Not a bit. But Mrs. McBride is happy at any rate.

BELINDA. I'll take the cups if you've finished, Miss.

DOLLY. Quite. Your tea was delicious, Belinda. (*BELINDA picks up cups.*)

BELINDA (*looking into one*). Oh, Miss Dolly. You're going to get back your red parasol. Here it is.

DOLLY (*wildly*). Where? Where? (*Runs to her.*)

BELINDA. There in the leaves. If that isn't a parasol then my name's not Belinda Babbit. See that long thin leaf with a piece spreading out at the end like an umbrella. (*EDITH looks in cup.*)

DOLLY. So it is. Oh, Belinda, can I believe in it?

BELINDA. As sure as fate. That's your parasol all right.

EDITH. If it turns up you ought to charge for telling fortunes, Belinda.

BELINDA. It's a coming. (*Exit L.*)

DOLLY (*a ring, C.*) There! Perhaps that's it.

*Enter RUBY and PEARL C. They are two girls of about ten years of age. Both wear gingham dresses alike, but*

RUBY *has red shoes, stockings and a red ribbon, while PEARL'S are blue. Between them they carry a red cotton umbrella. They speak quickly with shrill voices and RUBY lisps.*

RUBY. Pleth, we thāw in the paper you lotht a parathol.

PEARL. A red parasol.

RUBY. Tho we bringed it back and we want the reward. We're going to divide it between uth. Pearl ith going to have half and I'm going to have the other half.

PEARL. Ruby is going to have half and I'm going to have the other half.

RUBY. And I'm going to buy a new doll, the biggetht I can get.

PEARL. And I'm going to buy the biggest book I can get.

DOLLY. But is that the parasol, children?

RUBY. Yeth m'am.

PEARL. Yes, ma'am.

DOLLY. I'm sorry but that's not mine.

RUBY. Won't thith do?

PEARL. Couldn't you use it?

DOLLY. No. Mine is a silk one with an ivory handle.

RUBY. And you don't want thith?

PEARL. Are you sure you don't want this?

DOLLY. Quite, quite sure. I want my own. (RUBY and PEARL *simultaneously burst into tears and the cotton umbrella falls to the floor.*) Now whatever am I going to do? Oh that advertisement! (The children *sob loudly.*)

EDITH. Hush—you'll wake the baby! (Both *stop crying at once.*) Come, dry your tears. Perhaps you can find the person who lost this umbrella and get a reward after all.

RUBY. No. Ith not lotht at all.

PEARL. It's Grandmama's.

RUBY. Thee thaid we could take it.

PEARL. She hasn't any use for it because she's in mourning.

EDITH. Well, now would you be happy if you could buy yourself some little thing—not the biggest doll perhaps or the biggest book, but a box of candy or a nice ball?

RUBY. Oh yeth.

PEARL. Yes, m'am.

DOLLY. I'll give them fifty cents Edith.

EDITH. And so shall I. (*They give children the money.*)

RUBY. Thank you m'am.

PEARL. Thank you. We'll give Grandmama back her umbrella. (*PEARL and RUBY exeunt C.*)

DOLLY. Edith, I seem to have done nothing all afternoon but play Santa Claus.

EDITH. Who could resist those tears? (*Ring C.*)

DOLLY. Not another I hope, for each new arrival only makes me the poorer. (*EDITH goes to door.*)

EDITH. A telegram. Here, Dolly. They're all for you. I'll sign.

DOLLY. It must be—(*tears it open*) it is from Jack. (*Reads aloud.*) "Am leaving on the 2:30 train; due 6:00 o'clock. Jack." Oh, Edith, he's coming. Jack is coming!

EDITH. So I hear. To hunt for the red parasol.

DOLLY. He'll be here for supper. You'll meet him Edith. Oh I'm so happy.

EDITH. His coming will probably throw some light upon the missing article.

DOLLY. Don't be sarcastic Edith. It's nearly six now. He'll soon be here.

*Enter BELINDA, L.*

BELINDA. I see Mrs. Carter coming down the walk. I'm so glad she's home. Baby seems restless, his teeth bother him so. (*Goes up C. and opens door.*)

*Enter MRS. CARTER, C. She wears a tailor made suit and hat, carries several parcels and a traveling bag.*

MRS. CARTER. Well Belinda, here I am back again. How are you all getting along? Why Edith, I'm so glad to see you. (*Kisses her.*) I was sorry I had to go away just as you were coming but it was unavoidable. And I had to leave poor Dolly alone before she'd been here two days. How are you Dolly? You look tired.

DOLLY. I am tired. (*Drops into chair.*)

BELINDA. Small wonder. We're all tired m'am. We're wore out, what with telegrams, people answering advertise-

ments and the door bell going all day. It's a regular miracle Miss Dolly isn't in bed with worry.

MRS. CARTER. Telegrams! Advertisements! What do you mean? And what are you worrying about Dolly?

DOLLY. My red parasol.

MRS. CARTER. Your red parasol.

DOLLY. Yes, I've lost it. And it was a present from Jack. And he's coming tonight. Here's his telegram. He'll think me so indifferent.

MRS. CARTER. A red parasol. Was it a taffeta silk?

DOLLY (*hopelessly*). Yes. But I'll never find it now.

MRS. CARTER. With an ivory handle?

DOLLY. Yes. You noticed it when I arrived I suppose, Aunt Ida. Anyone would notice it. It was so distinguished. (MRS. CARTER *exits hastily* R. DOLLY *jumps up*.) What does she mean by running out like that? (*Grasps* EDITH'S arm.)

EDITH. I don't know. But keep cool. And don't expect too much. Nothing is gained by being too optimistic.

BELINDA. Don't you forget what I saw in your cup Miss Dolly. It was there, as sure as fate.

*Re-enter* MRS. CARTER R, *carrying a red parasol with an ivory handle*.

DOLLY. My precious parasol. (*Grasps it and drops into chair*.)

MRS. CARTER. It was under the bed in my room. Why didn't you ask me about it before? Oh, I believe Dolly has fainted.

DOLLY. No I haven't. I'm quite alive. Please tell me how it came there?

MRS. CARTER. Why I gave it to baby yesterday morning. It seemed just the right thing for him to cut his teeth on.

EDITH. Baby! What things have been committed on your account.

DOLLY (*holding up telegram*). Well anyway, it's too late to wire Jack now.

CURTAIN.

# Indian Days

Book and Lyrics by T. L. SAPPINGTON and  
Music by HENRY B. VINCENT.

A MUSICAL COMEDY.

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5 Males, 2 females and chorus of Braves and Indian girls. Time, 1 hour. One exterior scene. Characters: Pocahontas McGuigan McGuire, an Irish widow and an Indian Queen. Singing Bird, a pretty Indian Princess. Frozen Face, a medicine man with a liking for Pocahontas. Eagle Plume and Purring Panther, war chiefs, both in love with Singing Bird. Two Warriors. Contains eight songs, both humorous and sentimental: "Canoe Song," "Pretty Forest Girl," "Pocahontas McGuigan McGuire," "The South Wind," "Tell Me," "The Medicine Man," "Whist, Little Injun," and "Finale." The plot is clever

and brimful of comedy. The lyrics are particularly well written and the music varied and lilting. "Tell Me," sung by Singing Bird, will fairly carry one to the wildwood among the brooks and the forest birds, and its melody will long linger in one's memory. Complete directions for staging, costumes, etc. Nothing better of its nature published and sure to please.

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By CHARLES ULRICH.

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Rural comedy drama, 4 acts; 6 males, 4 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Scenes: Easy to set. 1 interior, 2 exteriors. Characters: Uncle Jared Wilkins, a down-east farmer. Dr. Arthur Markham, a young physician. Hugh Elkins, an adventurer. Bill Stouter, who can't stand high altitudes. Charlie Scott, a Plum Valley rustic. Ted Simpkins, a village constable. Hazel Wilkins, daughter of Uncle Jared. Aunt Lucinda Wilkins, wife of Uncle Jared. Sallie Brown, a romantic farm maid. Grace Stollard, a woman with a past.

### SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Scott declares his love for Sallie. "I'm going to marry a Count." Elkins discloses his plans to Stouter. Jared and the calf. An awful cuss word. The accusation. Hazel spurns Elkins. The blow. "You're true blue, by gravy!"

Act II.—Jared tells the news. Elkins plays his trump card. Scott overhears conversation. The advertisement incriminating Markham. Hazel confesses to her father. Markham tells his story. The arrest.

Act III.—The picnic. The jollification. Markham's innocence established. Grace meets Elkins. A cowardly blow. Jared's answer to Elkins. "Go plumb to Jericho!"

Act IV.—The letter. Grace acquitted. Her story of Elkin's perfidy. Jared defies dyspepsia. Elkins steals Hazel's jewels. Stouter on the water wagon. Course of true love runs smoothly.

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